

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a person's face, focusing on the eyes. The person has a pale complexion and is looking directly at the camera with a wide-eyed, intense expression. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on the forehead and nose, and deep shadows under the eyes and on the sides of the face. The background is dark and out of focus.

GHOST

APOCALYPSE

GHOST APOCALYPSE

A person wearing a black hooded cloak stands with their back to the viewer, looking up at a dark, stormy sky. A bright light source, possibly the sun or moon, is visible through the clouds, casting a strong glow. Rain is falling heavily, creating a misty atmosphere. The overall mood is mysterious and ominous.

ARTIST: STILIOS PLATIKAS
AUTHOR: THANOS KYRIAKIS

GHOST APOCALYPSE

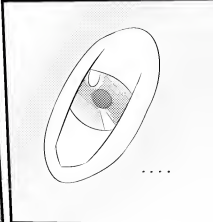


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GHOST

A DC LIVES





THAT IS ONE FINE
WAY TO FOLLOW.

AND DO NOT
TROUBLE YOURSELF.
THINGS WILL TAKE
THEIR COURSE.



YOU SEEM TO BE
HANDLING IT
FAIRLY WELL.

YOU'VE GRASPED THE
CONCEPT
RATHER WELL.



SO, YOU SEEM
TO BE RIGHT.
DRAMA QUEEN... I...
WE ARE DEAD.



WHAT DID YOU MEAN
EARLIER? WHEN YOU
SAID THAT THE GATES
OF HEAVEN ARE CLOSED?



I DO HAVE ONE
QUESTION
HOWEVER.



BUT I DO KNOW
FOR A FACT THAT
NONE SHOULD
BE HERE.

AH... I CANNOT
GUARANTEE YOU THAT
THE GATES ARE
COMPLETELY SHUT.



THE SOLE REASON
I IMAGINE WHY
WE ARE HERE IS
BECAUSE THEY

WANT TO KEEP
SOMETHING HERE
IN OUR
RESIDENCY HERE.



COULD BE AN
OBJECT OR A
PERSON

SOMETHING SINISTER
THAT SHOULDN'T GET
INTO HEAVEN...




TELL ME
WHAT IS
THIS PLACE

HERE"? WHERE IS
THIS "HERE"?
WHAT IS THIS
"HERE" YOU SAY?




THUS, WE
LINGER HERE.
TRAPPED IN THIS
WRETCHED
LOCATION.



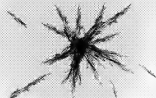
DO NOT BE MISTAKEN.
THIS PLACE USED TO BE A
PARADISE ON EARTH. THERE
WAS GREEN AND BLUE UNTIL
THE ENDS OF THE HORIZON.
EVERYTHING HAD THEIR PLACE.
BALANCE RULED.
IN A WORD? EQUILIBRIUM.

IT WAS THE NATURE OF THE PEOPLE
HOWEVER TO SEEK. TO QUESTION. AND SO,
CAME THE TIME THAT PEOPLE WERE
STARTING TO QUESTION REALITY.
JADENESS STRUCK THEM.

SOON THEY WERE DETACHED FROM
EMOTIONS LIKE EXCITEMENT.
INTEREST. THEY WERE IMMORTALS.
THEY HAD ACHIEVED EVERYTHING
THEY COULD EVER HOPE FOR.
THEN NOTHINGNESS MADE THEM PULL,
AS EVERYTHING WAS DONE.



SO, SOMEONE DECIDE TO
SEEK ONE LAST THRILL.



HE CREATED SOMETHING.
SOMETHING THAT WAS IN
THE PAGES OF THE
BOOKS OF THE ANCIENTS.
A THING THAT SHOULD
HAVE STAYED IN FICTION.

HE SPAWNED
INSANITY.

HE REAPED
DEATH.

HE SPREAD
FEAR.



AND THAT
SHATTERED
EVERYTHING THIS
WORLD KNEW.



NOW TAKE
A LOOK AROUND.
ONLY RELIQUARIES
AND REMNANTS OF THE
GREAT PAST LINGER.



NO... THAT IS
WHAT I FEEL...

NOTHINGNESS...



I THINK I
UNDERSTAND NOW



WHAT WAS
THAT?



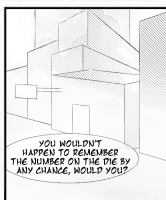
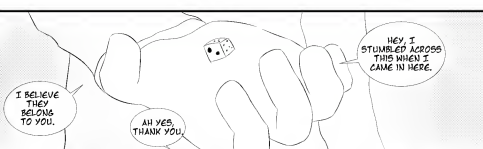
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HUH? WHAT
ARE THEY DOING?



SHOULD WE
PROCEED
WITH ENGAGING
THEM?

IT IS UNWISE.
IT WOULD
SIMPLY CREATE
UNNECESSARY HESITATION
AND DRAW
ATTENTION.

HM... THAT
GUY RUNS
PUNNY.

TAKE IT EASY,
ALL OF YOU.
THERE IS PLENTY OF
TIME FOR
EVERYTHING.

NEXT ONE
ESTIMATED AT:
5 MAY

A black and white illustration of four writing instruments: two pens and two pencils, arranged in a star-like pattern. One pen is vertical, while the other three are angled towards it. The background is a textured, cloud-like shape.

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